

Full Moon To-morrow Night.

THE moon is full to-morrow night, rising about the time of sunset. The next full moon will be "the harvest moon." A "full" moon means that the whole circle of the moon's face turned toward the earth is illuminated by sunshine, and that can only happen when the sun and the moon are on opposite sides of the earth.



Do You Like a Thrilling Story? Read "The Fatal Ring"

Magazine Page



A Mothball Substitute.

WITH moth-balls going up in price, a cheap substitute will be found in peppercorns—unground black pepper—and they have always been successful if the articles are carefully wrapped. A frequent generous sprinkling of cayenne pepper in rat or mouse holes will rid the house of these troublesome and unhealthy rodents.—From Good Housekeeping.

The Smart Autumn Waists

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From
Good Housekeeping
for
September.

MATINEES and club meetings start all over in autumn and call for a waist like this of white or flesh-colored Georgette crepe. The deep collar and revers embroidered by hand give a becoming softness of effect.

THIS is the tailored waist to wear with a suit; when the coat is off, the double-breasted front makes it look more like a dress than a separate waist. It is of radium silk, blue with inlaid pieces of tan silk, or it may be had in all black.

The Fatal Ring

A SERIAL OF MYSTERY,
LOVE AND ROMANCE

SYNOPSIS.
Pearl Standish, the richest girl in America, agrees to help Nicholas Knox, a member of the Secret Order of the Violet God of Daroon, to recover a violet diamond, the setting of which Knox has. She goes through many perils with Knox to secure the jewel, which is found to be in the possession of Richard Carlsake, once the secretary of Pearl's father.

Pearl is aided by Tom Carleton, a reporter, who saves her life, and to whom she becomes attached. Tom is made prisoner by the Arab followers of the Order of the Violet God. The Priestess of the order knows that Carlsake has the diamond, and gives Pearl till midnight of the same day to secure it on pain of Tom's death. Pearl sees Carlsake in his cell in jail and he promises to give up the jewel if he will secure his release. Pearl by paying a large sum effects this, and with the diamond goes to the Temple of the Violet God to save Tom's life. She gives the diamond to an Arab to give to the High Priestess, but he gives it, and Pearl is made prisoner, but it escapes through the aid of the "Spider."

Devised from the photo-play "The Fatal Ring."

By Fred Jackson.

Episode 8.

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SHE tripped and almost fell, sobbing a little in her helplessness. She bumped into a tree, and just saved herself from injury. But she dared not stand still. She staggered on wildly, bringing up at length against a hedge, and lying there against it half exhausted.

Not two feet from her—though she did not know it—Carlsake and Dopey Ed were conferring together. Carlsake had succeeded in overcoming old Hagg's resistance and had knocked him out, and having joined his lieutenant, he was planning flight.

"I haven't the least idea what's going on in there," Carlsake was saying to Dopey Ed. "But I can thank the 'Spider' and his men for keeping the Arabs off while I made my getaway."

"Well, I don't understand any more'n you, governor," admitted Dopey Ed.

DO YOU KNOW THAT—

For the style of wooden shoes called sabots, hawwood is mostly used, but willow is preferred. Poplar, birch, walnut and beech are also used to some extent in their manufacture.

The jungle fowl, to be found in Australia, builds a nest in the form of a great mound, sometimes measuring fifteen feet in height and one hundred and fifty in circumference. There are said to be the largest and heaviest nests in the world.

In Hungary gypsies are regarded as a dangerous community. It is said that no fewer than two hundred thousand wander about. So notorious are their thieving propensities that they are not allowed inside the towns, while the villages tolerate them for only two days.

Who's Who in the Thrilling New Film
Pearl Standish PEARL WHITE
Richard Carlsake Warner Oland
The High Priestess Ruby Hoffman
Nicholas Knox Earle Foxe
Tom Carleton Henry Gaell

Dopey Ed: "But the main thing is, you've got the diamond, ain't you?" These words came to Pearl's ears as she leaned against the hedge; and in spite of her blindness, a wave of anger passed over her as she realized that Carlsake had got possession of the stone once again. Without stopping to think how helpless she really was, she staggered toward them, one hand over her eyes and Carlsake saw her coming. Seizing Dopey Ed's arm to hold him silent Carlsake pointed.

Something Wrong.

"It's the girl," whispered Dopey Ed. "Something's wrong with her!" Carlsake nodded, and motioned Dopey Ed to advance and investigate. He crouched down noiselessly and waited.

Dopey Ed drew near Pearl. "What's the matter, miss? Hurt your eyes?" he asked with a sympathetic voice as he could command.

Pearl nodded her head. "Yes, I—I can't see," she answered in a frightened tone. "Are you one of the 'Spider' men?"

Carlsake signalled Dopey Ed to say "yes."

"Yes," said Dopey Ed. "Can I do anything for you, miss?"

"Yes," said Pearl. "Take me to the 'Spider.' I want to go to the 'Spider.'"

"Sure, miss. This way," agreed Dopey Ed, at Carlsake's direction. He gave Pearl his arm, and followed Carlsake, who led the way swiftly to the taxicab which was still waiting for Pearl. The chauffeur was still bending over the hood, examining the engine. As Dopey Ed politely helped Pearl in, Carlsake thrust his revolver against the chauffeur's back. The chauffeur turned swiftly.

"Get up on your box and drive as I direct you. Say nothing," ordered Carlsake in a low tone. The chauffeur hesitated, glanced from Carlsake, with his gun to Pearl and Dopey Ed. Then, he shrugged and obeyed.

Both Pearl and the diamond were now in Carlsake's hands.

It was the "Spider" who finally reached the light-switch and turned on the lights again, thus turning aside the tide of the battle in the basement room. Two of the Arabs had been killed in the fray and most of the ginger had been knocked out of the rest of them.

Fighting their way toward the door, the "Spider" and his men and Tom slipped out and locked the door upon their assailants. As they did so, however, Tom missed Pearl.

"Where's Pearl?" We must have left her behind us. We'll have to go back," he cried.

"No, she was not there," replied the "Spider" quietly. "I looked for her at the last moment. She must have escaped in the darkness."

"But that doesn't sound like her," murmured Tom. "She's a thorough-

bred, you know. She'd have stuck to the finish!"

"Perhaps she went for reinforcements, then," suggested the "Spider." "Or one of those yellow devils dragged her off under cover of the noise," added Tom anxiously.

"We'll have a look about," said the "Spider." "Scatter, boys, and search the house and grounds."

The "Spider's" men obeyed, covering the whole vicinity thoroughly and even calling her name—but they found no trace of her, nor did any voice respond to their repeated calls.

"Well," observed Tom wearily, as they all gathered again. "She couldn't have been swallowed by the earth, you know. And she can't fly. She must be in there with those Arabs, and I'm going in!"

"Very well, look if you like," agreed the "Spider."

He stationed one man at the door with a revolver. The others likewise drew their guns and surrounded the door. It was very quietly unlocked and opened. And then?

The man who looked in, stood gaping foolishly. For the room was empty. In spite of the fact that the door was locked and there was no other exit, not a single Arab remained to be seen.

"They're gone!" gasped the man stupidly.

"Gone? Impossible!" cried Tom. He thrust the man aside and threw open the door. All of them crowded in.

And now it developed that a secret panel behind the fireplace was standing open. Obviously it was through this way that the Arabs had passed out.

No One There.

They investigated, and found that it led upward, bringing them out in the hall above. There the trail of the Arabs ended. They had vanished as completely as had Pearl.

"Well," cried Tom, wearily, "I guess there's no further use of loitering here. We're only wasting time."

"Quite true," admitted the "Spider," nodding. "I see both the other cars are gone from outside, so I deduce that the Arabs and Carlsake and his friend likewise have all fled this spot. Pearl has evidently gone with one or the other party. The best that we can do is to follow and try to pick up her trail."

"But how can we do that?" gasped Tom, miserably.

The "Spider" smiled. "We can interview the Arabs most likely at their Temple, and if the chauffeur of Carlsake's taxi cannot lead us to him I daresay I can soon find him."

He smiled and nodded toward the remaining car.

"May I give you a lift?" he inquired politely.

"Thank you," said Tom, accepting the invitation.

HICTANER 'The Man Fish'

By Jean de la Hire

A Strange Story of Mystery and Fanaticism

ARMED with his electric mirror, whose power had been demonstrated in destroying a discarded cruiser in three minutes, Charles Severac sailed aboard Admiral Germinet's flagship, the Republic.

At The Lost Isle. While the great world fleet was proceeding under full steam toward the Persian Gulf, Oux and Fulbert, having received warning, were finishing a plan of action at the Lost Isle.

If events had not modified their formidable projects, they had at least altered their plan of action. No longer was there any question of using Hictaner as a passive instrument. It was necessary now to reckon with him positively.

Fulbert's astute mind had constructed the diabolical intrigue from the first, and the half of it was already accomplished. Moissette and Vera were hidden from all eyes in a secret chamber adjoining that of Oux and Martha, isolated in an apartment next to the priest's. The maid servants were with their mistresses.

While Severac was killing Brother Fulgence, Fulbert had been warned at the Lost Isle by a special signal that the Balearic station was cutting itself off from the others, which signified that the post was invaded by the enemy and its guardian in danger of death.

Just as the world fleet was arriving at the entrance to the Suez canal, Fulbert was warned by the submarine post at Malta that the powers, incited by Severac, were setting out for an attack upon the Lost Isle.

It took Oux and Fulbert two days to make their plans. During this time they refused to see Hictaner, who wished to have a definite understanding with them.

Upon his return they had merely said: "You have been deceived. We have not seen Moissette at the Lost Isle."

The two days of plotting had passed. The two men were waiting for their opportunity, and after summing up their intentions, they were about to inaugurate the chosen plan of action.

"Oux," asked Fulbert, in his solemn, decisive voice, "is everything decided, then, between us?"

"If it seems wise to you."

"Yes, what we have mapped out seems an excellent course to pursue. But we must act without delay."

"I will call Hictaner."

"Yes, call him."

Fulbert rose, and going to the signal table, pressed one button and then another, and returning to the divan, took a seat beside Oux.

Hictaner spent his life in his submarine quarters, being compelled, as he was, to avoid the upper air for more than forty-eight hours at a time. So he was waiting down there alone, with no other companions than the largest of the fishes, furiously impatient for the summons to confer with Oux and Fulbert.

Hictaner Answers. Two minutes after Fulbert had pressed the buttons the round trap door of the well was lifted and Hictaner sprang out upon the tiled cement floor of the laboratory.

Though his body had not lost its strength and litheness, his face had not its usual calm beauty.

His cheeks were sunken and his pallor had become lividness.

A cold line drew down the fine contour of his lips and in his great, staring eyes a dull fire was burning, the torture of a lover in despair.

At last he cried: "I must see you and—"

"Fulbert cut him short, imperiously. "Sit down, my child, and talk calmly. The present juncture necessitates more sang froid than passion."

Hictaner was seated upon a wooden bench, biting his lips and clenching his nervous fingers.

"Speak," said Oux, "and cease to think of us as enemies. You will soon know against whom your righteous anger should be turned. Speak, we are waiting to hear you."

A shade of that tenderness he still cherished for the two men whom he called "father" and "master" passed through Hictaner's eyes.

So it was gently, almost beseechingly, that he said: "Oh, tell me where Moissette is!"

"We do not know as yet," Fulbert answered coldly.

"For the past two days we have been hearing many things which are clues to the facts."

"Fulgence overshot the mark when he told you that we might know where to find Moissette, though he was only acting through his affection for you. He has been punished for it by death."

"Fulgence is dead!" cried Hictaner. "Yes, Severac and Admiral Germinet invaded the Cabrera station. They drew the confession from Fulgence that he had helped you back to the Lost Isle. They commanded him to send a decoy message which would call you back to the Balearics and thus make you fall into a trap. Fulgence refused and Severac struck him down."

"But before dying Fulgence had time to telephone me that he was convinced that Moissette was in Admiral Germinet's hands through the aid of young Vera, Severac's accomplice."

"But, best of all, Fulgence had time to cut the wire so that Severac and the admiral could not lead us into error by false messages."

There was a silence. Suspicious and thoroughly disheartened, Hictaner fixed his eyes intently upon those of Fulbert.

"If you don't believe me," went on the priest, calmly, "go to the telephone room and look at the last messages from Cabrera, which are automatically written on the register. You will hear them and you will know that I am telling you the truth."

"I believe you," murmured Hictaner. "Very well, then. Furthermore, Severac undoubtedly placed Moissette in a safe place after taking possession, for this is what the post at Malta wired us."

"Admiral Beresford, English, and Admiral Germinet, French, are commanding a fleet of about 1,200 war vessels and 600 supply vessels which are setting out to block the Persian Gulf and attack the Lost Isle."

"But Severac!" exclaimed Hictaner. "Severac pilots them."

"They are mad!"

"They are mad. I can blow them all up in less than a week if I wish to," growled Hictaner, angrily.

A flash of joy shot through the eyes of the two older men. But, in a tranquil voice, the terrible priest went on:

"Perhaps it will be necessary, my son. But there is more. Do you know what gives your enemy this audacity and confidence? Do you know why they dare to brave our sunken mines and your dreadful Torpedoes? It is because they feel sure of victory, and are willing to pay for it with half of their vessels and men."

Hictaner's eyes opened wide with amazement. He protested: "But they know I am invulnerable and all-powerful against them!"

"They do not believe it," said the priest hotly.

"What do they expect to do to me?"

"They think that one of their numerous submarines may happen upon you and cut you in two with its prow. That is only chance, however. What seems certain is the effect of the electric mirror."

"The electric mirror?" exclaimed Hictaner.

Fulbert went on to explain, adding to what Severac and the post at Malta had told him all that he had guessed of the principle, the form, the power, and the effects of Severac's electric mirror.

To Be Continued Tomorrow.

Advice to the Lovelorn

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

She Is Too Young.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I was introduced to a man twenty-one two weeks ago, who says he fell in love with me at first sight. He phones daily and calls at the house three times a week.

He is heartbroken because I refused to allow my daughter to take a diamond ring to bind the engagement and said he would wait two years to be married.

Oux likes him very much, but I think she is too young.

MOTHER.

It seems to me your daughter is too young to marry—too near her first youth to bind her future. Perhaps it would be possible to let her keep up her friendship with this young man under your supervision.

You don't want to enact the part of the "cruel parent" who separates youthful lovers, but you want to steer a very careful course which will keep your daughter's faith intact and will check youthful romance which has not enough real foundation to insure the future happiness of the young lovers.

Don't do any forbidding or ordering around, but try to keep fully in control of the situation. Would it be possible for you to invite a number of charming young people to your house and to keep four young romantics in an atmosphere where they have wholesome interests to turn the current of their thoughts away from emotion into youthful good times and gaiety?

Girl Friends.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: A. B. and C. are three dear friends, and C. recently have spent the greater part of their

time together. C. about three weeks ago spoke a few words, hasty words. A. and B. have ever since been as strangers to her. Don't you think they must regard their years of friendship very lightly?

ANS.

In order really to advise the friends in this situation I ought to have more actual knowledge of it than the sketchy outline you have given me. It doesn't seem to me that the two girls who are treating her so mercilessly and cruelly are worth C's worrying about. Even if in a moment of anger she said some very cruel and unkind things, they owe it to their own sense of fairness to give her a chance to explain and make up for it. Has she really tried to apologize and set matters straight?

The "Blowgun."

Among the Koasti Indians the "blowgun" is still used for shooting birds. This weapon consists of a tube, usually a cane, about six feet long, rubbed smooth on the inside with an implement made for the purpose, and carefully straightened with the aid of fire. Slender pointed darts about eight inches long are used as ammunition, each one wrapped neatly along a cord of its length with thin lead or cotton to make it fit the inside of the tube. The hunter places a dart in the tube, which he raises to his lips and aims at his game; then a quick puff of breath drives the little dart flying with sufficient force to impale and kill a small bird or squirrel.

Parents, Take Heed!

By MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE

Why Punish a Child for the Very Things at Which We Formerly Laughed.



By Mary Ellen Sigsbee. WE parents have a great deal to learn, for we are still but children of a larger growth ourselves. From sheer necessity we have acquired some worldly wisdom, but the main difference between us and our children is only size and strength still.

The conclusion which the average child draws from the average parent is that "might makes right," in spite of amiable instruction to the contrary. Consistency is not a usual parental virtue. There is a simple directness about a child's logic that teaches him more about actualities in the first eight years of his life than in all the rest of it combined. We can fool some people, but we can't fool our children.

The above picture illustrates a very common form of parental inconsistency. What we have laughed at in a child of three or four we punish in a child of five or six. From this the child may learn a very valuable lesson in self-effacement; but he will learn, at the same time, several unflattering things about us—things from which he may deduce much worldly wisdom, but not that knowledge of the right and true which we would have him learn.

This little boy finds it hard to be among a group of "grown ups" unless he can be the centre of attention.

He has been "shown off" and laughed at a great deal in his short life. For years his mother's conversation has been largely about the funny things that he has said and done. He has a desperate longing to continue at the same pinnacle of fame to which he was apparently born, but from which he seems destined to be thrust through no fault of his.

He cannot understand the changing point of view in the people about him. His intentions are all good. He really feels that he must befalling below his normal standard if he can no longer amuse and entertain these friends.

He notes his mother's growing sternness on such occasions, but, believing that her disapproval must be mainly with the character of his entertainment, he redoubles his efforts—and finally goes too far even for an indulgent mother. There is no mistaking her anger this time. He is ordered out of the room—away from the cakes and tea. His heart is bursting with passionate resentment. But he won't cry—not before them. He is far too proud for that. He goes away as he is bidden and, lying on his stomach under the porch, he thinks it all over.

With his thoughts the tears begin to fall slowly, one by one. He remembers—yes, he is sure he does—why his mother kissed his little dimpled hands for that only last year.

Little Stories of Interest

Pugnacious Elephants.

A very common form of entertainment is provided by Rajahs for guests in India. In his "Memories of India" Sir Robert Baden-Powell says:

"Picture a deep courtyard among the outlying walls of a native palace. The tops of the walls all round are lined with a crowd of onlookers in the brightest of garments. The arena is simply an earth-floored courtyard with a small mound at one end. The mound is just large enough for an elephant to stand on. It is the 'sanctuary.' The animals understand that when one of them takes refuge there he must not be attacked. He has acknowledged defeat."

Presently the great doors are opened and a dirty gray monster comes shambling in, flapping his ears and moving in an undecided leisurely way across the court. Then a second combatant comes shuffling heavily and slowly into the ring.

"For a minute or so they push and shove; each tries to shove the other backward and their respective trunks twist round constantly in the effort to get a grip on the other's neck or foreleg."

Both have tusks that have been cut off to about two feet and ferruled with ornamental metal-work. In the crash of the collision a great chunk of ivory flies off one of the tusks, and it is soon evident that the elephant who has suffered the loss recognizes its benefit to him. He has now a sharp jagged end to his tusk, and he does all he can to take advantage of it.

The other quickly appreciates the danger, ducks his head down and round, and does all he can to grip the aggressor in order to save himself. In a few minutes dark streaks glisten wetly on his face; his head is gashed and bleeding from the assault. He presently gets a firm hold on the opponent's neck with his trunk and, lowering himself to his knees, by sheer weight forcibly drags the other down also. Then a second combatant comes shuffling heavily and slowly into the ring.

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